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RUSHING TO THEIR OWN DESTRUCTION.



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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS TO BE REGRETTED that the accomplices of the men lately hanged in Chicago have so long been permitted to bear unchallenged the high-sounding names they have given themselves. A great many people have been deluded by their audacious claim, and have seriously accepted them at their own valuation. But it is rank nonsense to call these pests of society "Anarchists," "Socialists," "Communists" or "Nihilists." We might as well call Billy the Kid, Shang Draper or Jesse James by any of these names. The Chicago rioters are not theorists or reformers; they have no grievances under our laws — they do not even know what our laws are. They have no comprehensible complaint to make against our system of government. They have no definite change to propose. They have no principle; no honest desire to better their fellow-men. They are, in plain English, a pack of soulless ruffians, envious of their neighbors; and their one object is to get enough of their kind together to pillage the houses of hard-working citizens. Why not call a thief a thief?

There are such people as Anarchists and Socialists in the world — but not in this part of it. At least there is no place for them here; no reason for their existence. The Anarchist is the product of a despotism. He is the embodiment of a revolt against tyranny. In a country where the people make their own laws, he is an anomaly — nay, an impossibility. There are men here who do what the Anarchists of Europe have done; but the difference between their motives and the motives of the European Anarchists makes the difference in their social status — the difference that there is between the murderer and the man who takes life in self-defense. In Russia, thousands of honest men are striving to overthrow the government by violent means; and while the means may shock us, we can not deny that the revolutionists have seemingly no others wherewith to gain their end, and that they are the last resort of sorely-tried men. There is no free speech in Russia; the people suffer from heavy taxation and cruel and unwise laws, and they have no remedy whatever. That they should seek a violent redress for their wrongs is not to be wondered at, though the fact may be deplorable.

But what parallel is there between the political conditions of Russia and America? Are we taxed beyond our powers of payment? Is there any legislation that discriminates between one social class and another to the disadvantage of the humbler? Does our system of government recognize the existence of classes? Has the highest-born, richest man in the country one political right that the lowest laborer does not possess? Are not our laws, good and bad, made by the people for the people? If they are, in the ultimate judgement of those who obey them, unsuitable or inadequate, can not those who made, by the same power, unmake them? Under such a government, the man who preaches resistance to the law is a more dangerous enemy to society than the criminal who does his work in shame and secrecy.

There should be no confusion in our minds as to matters like these. Yet there is confusion, and some men have been misled of whom we should have expected more wisdom. We have seen with pain the honored name of William Dean Howells used in behalf of the murderers of Chicago. We can understand, to some extent, how Mr. Howells's somewhat extravagant admiration for Tolstoi has affected his judgement. Yet surely Mr. Howells ought to know that Tolstoi and his friends have nothing in common with the desperados of the Haymarket. He ought to know, too, that when a man of his standing in the community excuses or palliates, even by implication, lawlessness and murderous violence, he sets a dangerously bad example to the ignorant and the thoughtless. What manner of gospel is this to find favor with a man like Mr. Howells — murder with a high moral motive; arson for the general good; rapine and pillage in behalf of the great brotherhood of man!

Such countenance as a good man lends to evil characters, slight though it may be, must surely exert a bad influence on weaker minds. There is among our population a large class of people who are given over

to a sloppy and superabundant sentimentality, who are easily moved in their emotions, and who, when they are once enlisted in any cause, have a wretched phrase forever on their lips — "Something ought to be done about it." Something — anything, they do not know what; but something, and at once. Once in the mood, they will commit themselves to any action that will work off their feverish and spasmodic energy; and they consider neither the character nor the consequences of the thing they are doing. It may have no bearing whatever on the matter in hand; it may produce results exactly opposite to those they desire — no matter; it is "something" to do, and they do it, regardless of reason and common-sense, though it be ever so absurd. They will kill a cat if a dog bites them. To this class we owe, among other things, much of the vicious special legislation which curses the country. The sentimentalists are weak in mental virility; they have small capacity for helping themselves. They rush to the legislature to have everything put right that they think is wrong. If one of their number steps on a loose barrel-hoop and receives a wound on his shin, he at once demands that a law be passed forbidding the manufacture and sale of barrels of all sorts and kinds. Perhaps, if he be of a more conservative nature, he will ask no more than that all barrels shall thereafter be built square.

Out of this class — for an example — the Anti-Poverty Society drew its recruits. There were good souls who had just discovered that the world is full of poverty, disease and general misery. "Something" had to be done about it. "Found an Anti-Poverty Society" says McGlynn, and they found it. To do what? Nobody knows. But the "society" is founded, and in some mysterious way, all poverty and unhappiness are to be wiped out. The Anti-Poverty Society business is, however, but an unimportant instance of the folly of impulsive sentimentality. The "something-must-be-done" people are responsible for more serious matters. It is at their door that we must lay the Chicago murder. They did not, indeed, throw the bomb, or suggest the idea of throwing it. But by their tolerance or acceptance of anything and everything done in the name of philanthropy, they encouraged and inspired the murderers. Because McGlynn founded the Anti-Poverty Society, they let him, without reproach, publicly counsel the confiscation of private property. Is it a great step from McGlynn in New York calling for the robbery of the rich man to Spies in Chicago calling for his murder? If the sentimentalists can stomach the Chicago exemplification of the doctrine of "something must be done," they will have to stomach something worse later on. And why should they not stomach this, when they see an eminent and respected citizen interceding for the convicted assassins? It is a bad showing, and we have reason to be thankful that there is, at bottom, more common-sense than cheap sentimentality in the American people. When the outlaws who call themselves Anarchists are once fairly known for what they are, there will be precious little pity for them to be found between Campobello and Mendocino.



IT'S AN ILL WIND, ETC.

WRAITH OF STREET-CAR HORSE. — Ain't it lucky they don't build horse hotels fire-proof, Julia? We might have had to grind through another winter on the Brooklyn esplanade!



## PUCKERINGS.



ACROSS THE hill the north wind blows  
And scatters the flapping, shrieking  
crows.  
It tosses about the white-winged ships  
And through the flowerless rose-bush slips,  
But wakes on Matilda's cheek the rose;  
And like the unraw  
Lobster claw  
It empurples and reddens her nose,  
And her hose—  
We won't say a word about those.

TOO MUCH time is wasted in making Uncle Sam's soldiers  
models of neatness and military bearing. A scare-  
Crow army is quite sufficient for present needs.

THE PLUMBER was the first man to make money out of watered stock.

THE NUMBER of miles a soldier can march "as the crow flies" will ap-  
pear in General Ruger's report of the late Indian campaign.

THE MAN who undertook to read the last Census through has concluded  
to wait for the revised edition of 1890 and take a new start.

IF DAKOTA will agree to keep its weather at home, we think she ought  
to come in as a State, or even two States if she prefers it that way;  
but let the agreement be made in writing.

A CABLE DISPATCH says that all the beauty of Jem Smith, the English  
champion who is anxious for an interchange of thought with the great  
Bostonian, lies in his teeth. His teeth will, no doubt, be of great service  
to him after the opening of the first round, as he will be obliged to bite  
the dust with great frequency.

A WOMAN NEVER looks on the dark side of a bonnet.

IN INDIANA there is a band of vigilantes who make it a practice to whip  
lazy people. That band would be worth something in these parts to  
oversee men who are working by the day.

A WITTY GROCER has placed a French  
clock over his counter in a con-  
spicuous place, to tell patrons that there  
's "No Time Here."

AN ACE in the hand is as good as  
two's in the bush. This is a sort  
of kitchen-poker joke.

A MAN'S FRIENDS can strike an aver-  
age with his dollars any day of  
the week, and balance pretty closely.

"PASS ME the butter, Charles," she  
said. She had been a widow,  
she had married again, and they, too,  
had gone to Washington to begin the  
honeymoon.

"My name is George," he said,  
coldly and with discriminating em-  
phasis.

"I know it, George," she replied:  
"you must excuse me. I was mis-  
led. It is the same butter."

A GOOD MATTRESS is worth 900 per  
cent. more at seven A. M. than  
it is at seven P. M.

FINE WORDS butter no parsnips; but  
they add amazingly to the cost  
of a medical diagnosis.

THIS IS A rich country, with mar-  
velous resources and vast sources  
of prosperity to draw upon; but we  
suspect that it is trying to support  
too many female novelists.

BROOKLYN HAS A Wallabout. So  
has China.

THE *Saturday Review* generally  
takes place at the cashier's desk.

THE PROPER WAY to give a house warming is to invite all your friends  
down to the cellar, where the contractor, plumber and architect are  
waiting. Having placed these three unworthies in the furnace, saturate  
them with kerosene and hurl in a torch.

IT IS A lonely day in a yellow dog's life when nobody kicks him.

THE MAN who said that a "bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"  
never was masticated by a dwarf parrot.

A CERTAIN DIME-MUSEUM advertises an elephant with celluloid tusks.

THE SOCIALISTS do not object to being ironed. It is being washed that  
upsets their pride.

JAMES RUSSELL SOLEY—not Lowell—has given us, through Messrs.  
Estes & Lauriat, "The Boys of 1812." Now he ought to give us  
"The Girls of 1812," and every coryphée would purchase a copy to as-  
certain if she was mentioned.

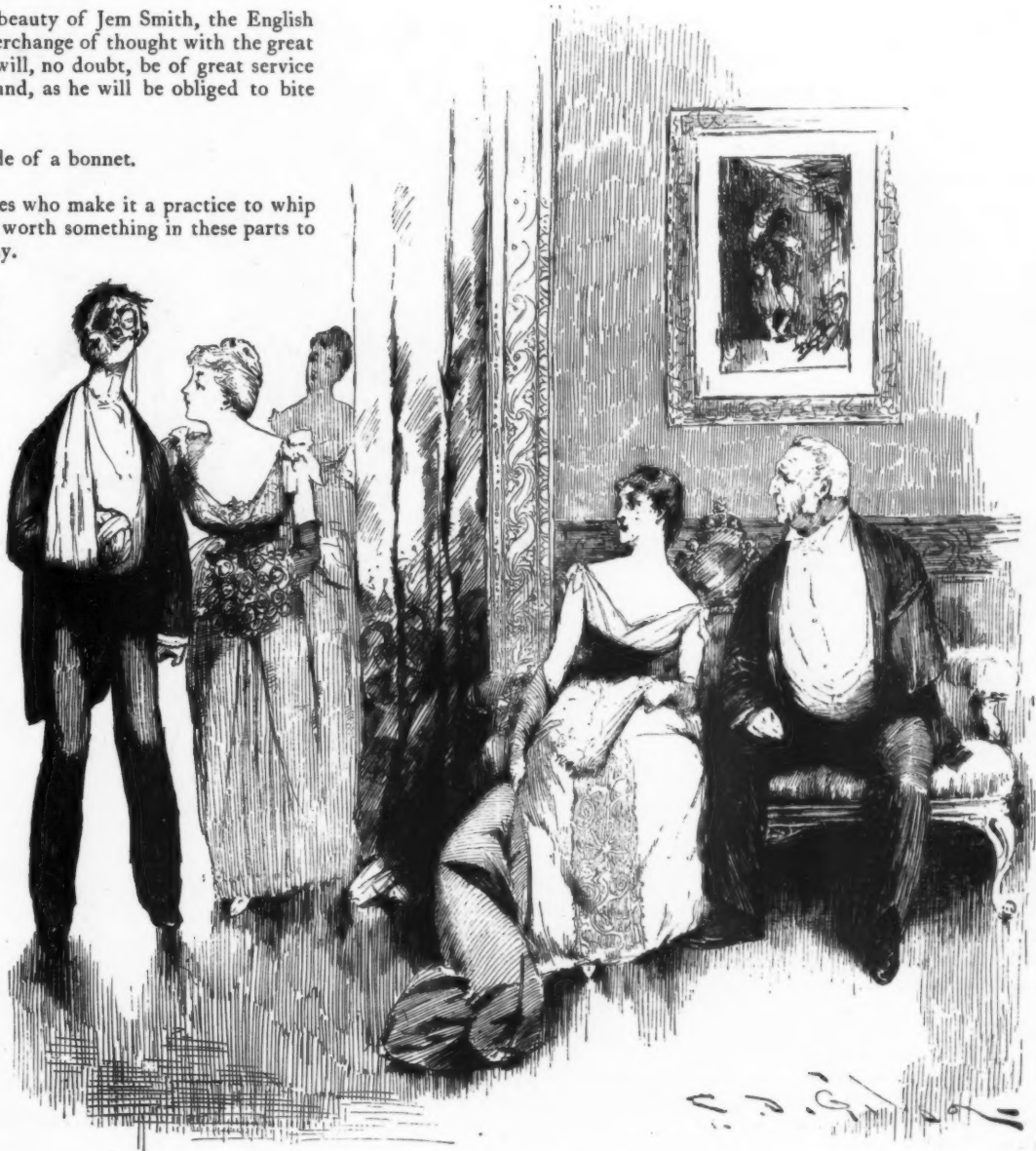
DUMLEY.—Featherly, I heard Miss Clara inquiring after you very  
tenderly, the other day.

FEATHERLY (*delighted*).—She wanted to see me again?

DUMLEY.—Yes. I understood from her that the hall-bedroom in the  
attic was unoccupied.

FEATHERLY.—The hall-bedroom in the attic?

DUMLEY.—Yes—she said you might as well be where your trunk was.  
Is that collar celluloid, Featherly?



## A NEW HAVEN HAPPENING.

MISS TEMPLEFAIM (*to MAJOR KORCHER, a war veteran*).—Oh, here  
comes Mr. Sapps! You will excuse me, won't you, if I give the next  
waltz to him? He made a wonderful record in the cane-rush yesterday,  
and we can't make too much of him!

## AN INTERESTING STORY.



THEY WERE playing a four-handed game of euchre, with Dumley, as usual, spokesman. Dumley is one of those men still unhung who talk a great deal and say very little. This part of the country used to be overrun with such people; but some of them are in their graves, with a rope mark on their necks, and others have drifted West, toward the setting sun and Chicago. But a few still remain with us; and Dumley, as we have said, is one of them.

Dumley cut the cards, and, placing his arms on the table in such a position that the dealer found it extremely difficult to deal, went on with his story:

"As I was saying, boys, to make a long story short, Tom Sawyer came up, and—you know Tom Sawyer, Brown?"

"Never heard of him," said Brown, who was scanning his hand.

"Wha-a-at! Never heard of Tom Sawyer, that little dark-complected fellow who used to hang out at old Rumandgum's?"

"Nope."

"Well, Tom came up and—Tom's father has got a place in the Custom House, which he has held for over twenty-five—"

"It's your play, Dumley."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, what's trumps?"

"Spades."

"Yes, Tom's old man has been in the Custom House for twenty-five years, yes, and I don't know but more. Well, Tom came up and said, 'What are you going to do to-night, Dumley?' I told him I had n't any thing particular on hand, so—who played that ace?"

"Robinson, and I trumped it," said Brown, a little wearily.

"So," went on Dumley, "he said that he had a couple of tickets to Wallack's given him, and—Tom gets more theatre tickets without cost than any man I know of outside the newspaper business. He's got a cousin, or uncle, or relative of some sort who is an actor, and whenever he wants to take in the theatre, all he's got to do is—hold on a minute, there, I've got a diamond; I s'posed the right bower had been played."

"We're getting the worst of it, Dumley," said Brown, his partner.

"Oh, well, we can't always win—so I told Tom that I would be very glad to go with him. Tom is good company, only he is inclined to talk a trifle too much. Well, we took a Rapid Transit train down from Harlem to Forty-second Street—and—hot! Talk about last summer being hot! That night was hot enough to melt the hoofs off a Philadelphia mule. How we ever got through the tunnel is more 'n I know. Well—who took that last trick?"

"I did," sighed Smith, "with—the—ace,—and—it's—your—play."

"How does the game stand?"

"We are two behind?" responded his partner, "and their next deal."

"Is that so? We must brace up or we'll get left. Well, when we got to Forty-second Street it was nearly eight o'clock, and I told Tom that we had better take a cab. So—"

"I hear you were down at Prince's Bay yesterday after weakfish, Robinson," remarked Smith across the table: "What luck did you have?"

"So—"

"Fair, only. The weather was against us, as it generally is when I go fishing, but—"

"So—"



## COLD WEATHER.

FIRST TRAMP (*speaking very thickly*).—Talk 'bout yer ole oak'n bucket, Bill; 't warn't made fer no sech weather 's this. Run up ter that house, 'n' borry an axe, will yer?

"—On the whole, I had no reason to com—"

"It's your deal, Robinson," said Dumley, a little sharply.

"I beg your pardon, Dumley; so it is."

"That's all right, old man; but euchre is euchre, you know, and fishing is fishing. So, as I was saying, boys, I told Tom we had better take a cab if we expected to see any of the first act."

"Where were you going, Dumley?" dreamily inquired Smith, looking over his hand.

"Why, the theatre—Wallack's; I told you that. Tom had tickets given him. Well, we got down in time to see a part of the first act, and it was the durndest rot I ever listened to. I've forgotten the name of the play; but that's of no consequence. So—"

"Did you hear anything about the foot-ball game to-day, Smith?" asked Brown.

"So—"

"Yes; Harvard eighty-seven, Wesleyan nothing; they made it in the last half. Harvard got ten goals, sixt—"

"It's your play, Smith," said Dumley: "no, it is n't, it's mine. I beg pardon. So, after the first act I said to Tom—we were over in the White Elephant—let's jump the show an' play a game of billiards. Ten years ago it took a mighty good man to beat me at billiards; I could double-discount the game I play now; but I'm out of practice. I don't s'pose I play on an average three games a week. Well, Tom said he did n't care anything about going back, and—"

"Well, gentlemen, said Robinson, "I am afraid you will have to excuse me. I told my wife I'd be home at nine o'clock, and it's ten minutes of twelve."

"Don't be in a hurry, old man; I want to tell you about—"

"It's time for me to go, too," remarked Smith.

"Yes," chimed in Brown, "and the Dutchman wants to close up."

"Well, I s'pose that settles it," was all Dumley could say. "Which way do you go? I go down."

ROBINSON.—I go up!

BROWN.—I go up!

SMITH.—I go up!

Philip H. Welch.

A PRETTY LITTLE CHILD smilingly asked her mother why fish are so full of splinters.

IT IS SAID that the reason a Quaker wears such a broad hat is that he may know when he is full to the brim.

THE WAGES OF SIN pay off many a church debt.

THE BIRD that eats moles and field-mice is a fur-lined circler.

THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND—The Sun.

GOOD FOR YOU, Captain McCullagh! A bounce of prevention is worth a pound of the policeman's club.

THE STARTER at a horse race should be a man of signal ability.

THE BENT PIN generally carries its point.

IF THE ostrich-plume dealer is successful, he feathers his nest.

IF THE PEN is mightier than the sword, how is it that so many literary men belong to the Fencers Club?

## INCOMPLETE.

COUNTRYMAN (to CONDUCTOR on elevated road).—You don't run a train o' keers with an engine like that, do you?

CONDUCTOR.—Why not? What's the matter with the engine?

COUNTRYMAN.—It ain't got no cow-ketcher onto it.





## A THANKSGIVING STORY.

*After the Manner of Dickens.*

IT HAD BEEN an uncommonly wintry Thanksgiving. Instead of a flood of sunshine which often brightens and warms the air of November, the morning had dawned gray and cold; the hours had passed still gray and cold; the twilight had come, grayer and colder; and then darkness had followed, black, and yet colder. But in spite of the clouds and the winds without, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, had met and made warmth and sunshine within. And even those who trod the chilly streets only buttoned their coats the tighter and walked the faster, as if cheered by a sweet vision of turkey and cranberry sauce.

It was now seven o'clock and the northwest wind was howling most spitefully around the corners, the flickering gas-lamps were casting fitful shadows; while the electric lights were hissing, now brightly, and now dying almost out. To-night no rattle of wagons and carts drowned either the roar of the trains rushing into the City Hall station of the Elevated Road or the noisy puffing of the Bridge engines as they switched the cars from one track to another.

During all the afternoon a very small, bright-eyed newsboy at the foot of the stairway to the station had been crying the evening papers. Though at the start he had bought an unusually small stock, he still had five left; for men and boys came and went, and loudly dressed women hurried by, but none wanted the *Evening Telegram*. And now he was weary and numb with the cold. Putting his very red, dirty hands up to his very red, dirty face, he blew on them to warm them; then he thrust them into the pockets of his ragged, dirty trousers, and whistled bravely. But even whistling would not keep him comfortable. So he trotted up and down, slapping his sides till he was tired. And at last, to rest, he leaned against the side of the stair-rail.

Mr. Joseph Hunneman was a smoothly-shaven old gentleman with aggressively black boots, and an unruffled black silk hat. Moreover, to-day, as he stepped into the car at the Brooklyn end of the Bridge, and, with the placid expression of a man who has dined well, settled into his seat, his boots and his hat were shinier than ever. The fact was, he had spent his Thanksgiving with his married daughter and her family. And since his small grandson, Joe, had by sundry bright speeches—told by the admiring mother—proved himself an infant prodigy; and, since the oyster-stuffing had been seasoned exactly to his taste, he felt kindly toward all the world. He even had half a mind to follow the disinterested suggestion to "Use Celluloid Soap;" had he been a woman, he would have bought a jar of "Pompador Balm" at once; and, even though he was that political freak known as a "Prohibitionist," he hardly felt a wish to smash the sign calling attention to "Old Bird and Nunnery Sweet Jam Whiskeys." When he had read all this commercial literature in the car, and had lazily wondered why the drink in question was so named, it was time to get out.

He walked briskly into the street; and, as he was passing the foot of the stairway before mentioned, he suddenly stopped and muttered: "Bless my soul! this will never do!" And he lightly shook a boy lying in the shadow in the corner of the staircase.

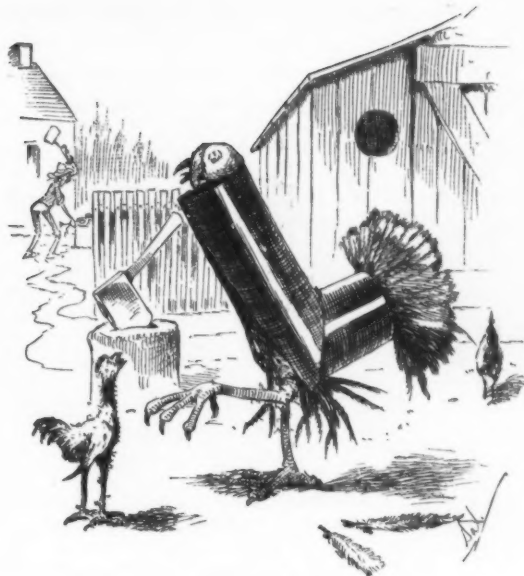
The lad started up, and, rubbing his eyes, began to whimper: "I sold all I could; don't whip me!"

"Don't cry, my lad; I'm not going to hurt you," said Mr. Hunneman soothingly. "Now, tell me what's the matter."



## SUCCESSFULLY WORKED.

BUSINESS MAN (on "L" train).—What a measly-looking child! Looks 's if it had something bad. Guess I'll get off!



## LEVEL-HEADED.

PRUDENT TURK.—It's a pretty tight fit, and it ain't very handsome; but these are troublous times—troublous times!

"I ain't sold all my papers," replied Jim—for that was his name—"and I thought it was the old man goin' to lick me. And I'm so tired! for I bin workin' nights to buy Joe some grapes for Thanksgiving."

"You should say *father*, and not *old man*," answered Mr. Hunneman reprovingly: "and who is Joe?"

"My brother. His legs were run over by the horse-car, so he can't walk nor work no more."

Mr. Hunneman thought of his own little grandson, Joe, who was so chubby and well-fed; and then he asked how many papers were left.

"Five!" answered Jim, as he stood shivering.

Thereupon Mr. Hunneman put a round, shining silver dollar into Jim's hand. "There, you can buy Joe some grapes. Never mind the change, and keep your papers!" Then, blowing his nose vigorously, he walked away very fast, and felt very warm and virtuous.

But a glad smile came over little Jim's face, as he ran and bought—two hoky-poky ice-creams. Having finished these delicacies, he lay down in the stairway again to try his little game on the next kind old gentleman who might pass.

THE MAN WHO pitches pennies throws his money away—if he loses.

THE BOSTON *Advertiser* asks: "How is it that a dog can follow its master's trail?" It is simply because the dog's scent is so keen that he has no difficulty in finding his master's starting point. Then he follows his nose. Give us a hard one next time!

THEY SAY there is nothing so good for the bite of a dog as the hair of the dog. Now, suppose you should be bitten by one of these Yangste-kioodles, or hairless Chinese dogs?

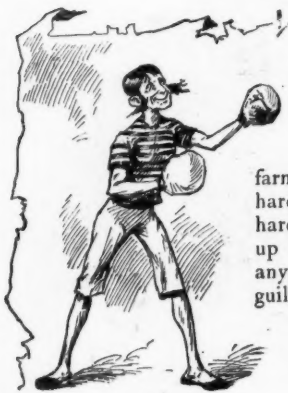
YOU WILL never miss the water until you try a bottle of Château Lafitte in a Fishkill hotel.

BOB O'LINKUM would not be an infelicitous name for a sausage-maker.



DISSEMBLING OWNER.—Now that that horrid man has gone, we'll take poor 'ittle Wiggle's naughty muzzle off a minute, and let his dear 'ittle ears have a chance!

## REGARDING PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THIS GENERATION.



out-jump, out-lift or out-run any young fellow in the section, and pull myself up on an apple-tree limb and touch my chin more times than any one else around!"

"Could you spar?" ventured one of the little group which had gathered admiringly around the old man.

"Spar? Well, now, there was n't any one could touch me at that; 't was sparring, too — hit every time you hit out; none of your dodging around and doing just as the book says. Oh, yes! Why, I could show you boys little tricks I used to play that would be worth your while to know!"

"Put on the gloves with your son and give us a few points," suggested a bystander.

"O! I don't like to; I might get excited and hurt him, you know; and I don't want to take advantage of the lad, because I'm older than he is."

But every one insisted; they forced the gloves on the hands of the old man and his boy, and formed a circle around the two contestants.

"Now, don't be afraid, my son," said old Mr. Hasbeen, kindly. "I'll handle you as easily as I can; but you must n't squeal if I happen to hit you a little hard. I'll first show you," he continued, striking a position, "what we used to call the double ward-off. Now, my boy, you just try and hit me. Don't be backward at all; pitch in!"

And the young man did. After giving the old man an underhand on the chin and a clip under each ear, while Mr. Hasbeen's arms were swinging like windmills, he dodged around behind, gave him a "two-bagger" on the back of the neck, and got around into position in time to catch an opening on the old man's defenceless breast, which landed him in the softest corner of the ring.

Some one called "time;" but old Mr. Hasbeen shook his head sadly; and as he pulled off the gloves he remarked indignantly, that they used to spar fair when he was a boy; and four or five fellows did n't pitch onto one man because he happened to be an expert.

C. N. Hood.

"DOGS ARE DOGS in Texas," says an exchange. In these parts, dogs are nuisances; at least those that are not stuffed.

IN MANY PARTS OF New Jersey land is held at eight thousand dollars per acre by the present owners. That is the reason it is held by the present owners.

ONE OF THE chief differences between man and woman is that the man will carry home a fourteen-pound turkey, and a woman will have a paper of needles sent home in a big red wagon.

IT is awfully provoking to have one shoe completely worn out before the other shows a break. It would be more satisfactory to have them both either last forever, or wear out inside of a week, like the average salary.



## TO CROWLEY.

The Ape, we are told,  
As the ages unrolled,  
By selection developed to  
Man.

But Man in his day  
To the Ape must give way,  
Unless he adopts a new plan.

## THE PROGRESS OF LABOR.

MR. WRIGHT was a laboring knight,  
And worked for one dollar a day;  
But when he got two, that did not do,  
He wanted still higher pay.

So he got up to three, and then said he:  
"Four dollars is none too high,  
And I will contrive to make it five,  
Or know the reason why.

"The boss he kicks—but I will have six,  
Aye, seven and eight, and then  
I shall decline to take less than nine,  
And I mean to strike for ten."

Peppercorn.

NOW THAT the base-ball season is over, the newspapers devote about twice as much space to it as they did three months ago.

"ARE YOU a wizard?" asked the customer.

"No, sir," replied the dealer: "why do you ask?"

"Why, because you sent me a load of hickory yesterday, as per agreement, and when it got home it was half pine!"



## THE ERA OF COMBINATION FURNITURE.

THE LATEST THING IN FOLDING BEDS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

A CORRESPONDENT DENOMINATES the negroes as a waiting race. They are. They are always waiting to get something out of you; and they don't consider you a tip-topper unless you prove yourself to be a top-tipper.

SMITH.—I hear you have given up perpetual motion?

INVENTOR.—Yes.

SMITH.—What are you onto now?"

INVENTOR.—Trying to get up a car-stove that won't burn in a collision.

A CHILD ASKS US why the devil has a tail. We suppose it is to enable him to keep the flies off those portions of his back that he can not reach with his hands.

THE TOTTERING octogenarian who never took a drink of liquor in his life always looks as though a cocktail would do him more good than anything else.

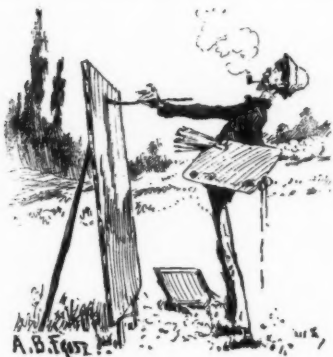
IF MR. WORTH, OF PARIS, ever comes to America, it is understood that the courtesies of the Fathers-and-Husbands Club will be extended to him immediately upon his arrival.



## PUCK'S PROSPECTUS FOR 1888.

THE YEAR 1888 will see Puck beginning the second year of his second decade as the old man of the story began his second century—"a long sight stronger 'n he did the fust."

It will still be our object to keep Puck something more than abreast of the times—just far enough ahead to deserve the title of leader, and not so far as to be removed from the affection of the public. We hope to make 1888 a notable year in Puck's growth, and to present our readers with a better paper, even, than they have now.



We have never had a stronger staff of cartoonists and illustrators than we have to-day. Mr. Keppler's marvelous graphic force has only grown with years of use; and long service has robbed Mr. Oppen's nimble pencil of no jot of its humorous agility. The grace and beauty of Mr. Taylor's work have been a surprise to the public ever since his association with Puck, and it is understood that the surprise will be continuous. Mr. Dalrymple has proved

himself a welcome addition to the ranks of the cartoonists, and much bright work may be expected from him during the coming year. Occasional contributions to our picture gallery will keep the honored name of W. L. Sheppard before our readers' eyes, and the variety of their subjects will prove that Mr. Sheppard's skill is not confined to the exploiting of the African. Other well-known artists and artists to be better known hereafter will help us to make Puck's pages bright. Among these we may mention Mr. A. B. Frost, the "Mark Twain" of comic art, Mr. C. G. Bush, Mr. E. W. Kemble and Mr. C. D. Gibson.

Our readers know that Puck has built up a letter-press of genuine worth and literary merit out of material almost wholly new. Very few of the names now familiar in our columns were known to the general reader when Puck first appeared. The clever, charming work of Paul Pastnor, C. H. Lüders, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., J. L. Ford, Philip H. Welch, Manley H. Pike, Madeline S. Bridges, Walter Learned and W. J. Henderson is now to be found in many other periodicals; but Puck and they have long been friends, and some of them made their bow to the public, introduced by him. These and other bright satirists and mirth-makers will do Puck good service in 1888, as in earlier years.

Some special features will, we think, interest our readers. The remarkable series of social satires which, brilliantly illustrated by Mr. C. Jay Taylor, have become famous as "the Welch dialogues" will be continued, in a slightly altered form and will come to an end in the spring. With the New Year, also, another series will be commenced—a series of short stories—short, yet longer than Puck has yet published. The first of these will be by Mr. H. C. Bunner.

Our extra publications will continue to supplement the regular issue of Puck with Puck's humor in a different form. So much of our paper is necessarily given up to the comments on the news of the day, on personal and political matters, that we find our readers are glad to get the more permanent of Puck's contents in a form convenient for preservation. THE

CHRISTMAS and THE MIDSUMMER PUCK are, so to speak, an outgrowth and enlargement of the old ANNUAL and PUCK ON WHEELS, which were popular in their time.

Now, the public demands more, and gets it, in these superb publications, richly illustrated in the most delicate of tint-printing. PICKINGS FROM PUCK gathers up in one fat volume all that is of lasting interest in the round year of Puck; and these same best things appear, classified after their kind, in the neat little volumes of Puck's LIBRARY. By this arrangement the reader who wants what Puck has to give him outside of politics and daily happenings, can have it in one rich meal at twenty-five cents a copy, or in choice bites and sips at ten cents each. Among the first issues of Puck's LIBRARY for the New Year will be "Our Foreign Fellow-Citizens," and "The Great American Boarding-House."

It is not necessary to dwell at length on the general character of Puck. One thing, however, we will say, and, in these days of sensational journalism, it is an important thing. Puck is pre-eminently a paper for



the family. It is a clean paper. From year's end to year's end, from cover to cover, you will not find one gross or vulgar line, drawn or written. The vile scandals of the hour furnish it with no themes for jesting. We never invade the private life of public characters. From our advertising columns we rigorously exclude all that panders to a depraved taste or that is even suggestive of offensive things.

It gives us a great pleasure to reprint these few words from the *Independent* and the *Evening Post*. We have, at least, worked hard to deserve such commendation:

"Puck is ten years old. Charming as a boy, with more than a boy's wit and wisdom, with a frankness in every comment and an honesty of purpose in every cartoon, Puck may be proud of his years already accomplished, and may look forward to an age that will never be old."

—The Independent, March 10, 1887.

"Puck celebrates the completion of its first decade with a review of its history and an exposition of the large proportions to which the experiment of 1877 has grown. Its great success is the just reward of merit and virtue. Starting merely as a 'comic paper,' Puck has developed into something much higher—a journal which puts a moral purpose behind the cartoon, and which enforces a moral lesson at the same time that it provokes a laugh. It has become a great power for good in this country as the exposé of shams, the foe of corruption, the champion of honesty, and the advocate of pure politics. Its prosperity is, therefore, cause for public congratulation."

—The New York Evening Post, March 3, 1887.



In politics, Puck will be in 1888 exactly what it began to be in 1877 and has remained ever since, an independent paper. It is NOT Republican. It is NOT Democratic. It has one aim in politics, and one aim only—to be honest. Puck speaks Puck's own mind, and has no dealings

with "halls," with "bosses," with partisan leaders or party committees of any sort, kind or description. Not many right-thinking men can find fault with our course—none has the shadow of a reason to question our good faith.

Beginning January 1st, 1888, the yearly subscription to Puck will be \$5.00. For these Five Dollars you get Puck for fifty-two weeks, including THE CHRISTMAS PUCK and THE MIDSUMMER PUCK.

For \$1.00 we will send Puck's LIBRARY for one year, (12 issues).

Our promises for 1888 are promises that will be kept, if labor, thought and expense will make a good paper; and we think that we may fairly call our performance in the past an earnest of our future endeavors.

"With merry Puck There comes good luck."

Let a subscription to Puck be your luck-token for the year 1888.





PUCK'S THANKSGIVING DINNER TO THE DESTITUTE A





FUTURE AND DISAPPOINTED POLITICIANS AND LABOR AGITATORS.

## ENTERPRISE REWARDED.

"Guess it must mean *our* family!"

"Motive power must be used."



A dilemma — "How are we going to get it any farther?"

## A GLAD THANKSGIVING.

(Our most important Thanksgiving story we have been obliged to cut down considerably this year, on account of lack of space, but think it contains nearly all of the important features.)

## CHAP. I.

'T was Thanksgiving....stern-faced Farmer Brown....little Bessie, his only child...."Father, I love him!"....tender-hearted Aunt Martha...."Brother, don't be harsh with her."...."As ye have made your bed, so must ye lie upon it."...."Father! Father!"...."Yes, I am Harold Archer, and your daughter is my wife."....turned purple, then livid with rage...."Forgive, Father, Forgive!"...."Out of my house, both of you, and never darken my door again!"....sank into chair by fire.... Farmer Brown and Aunt Martha alone keep glad festival, one stern-faced, other sad ditto....

## CHAP. II.

Years roll....No tidings come....Farmer Brown....ages rapidly.... Daughter's name never passes lips.... Meek Aunt Martha often weeps, but.... Farmer Brown.... immense wealth.... health shattered.... no heir.... Nameless, unconfessed gnawing.... Longs so, so much.... Ten years....

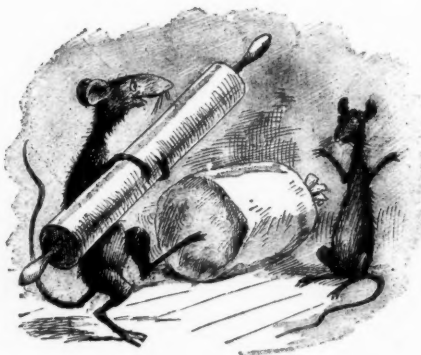
## CHAP. III.

Thanksgiving evening....bleak, wintry blasts shake old homestead....Inside, rousing log-fire in immense fire-place.... genial warmth.... Aunt Martha preparing savory...."Oh, my daughter, my daughter!"...."And would you forgive if she were here?"...."Oh, my little Bessie! why do you not come back to me?"...."Why have you set the table for five?"...."A surprise; and who are these?"...."Not Bessie?"...."Come.... arms!"...."My little grandson!"...."Forgive me, Harold!"....gathered around table, groaning viands.... blessing, husky voice.... Such a glad Thanksgiving...."Now I can die happy!"

C. N. Hood.

IT IS NOW SAID that Mr. Blaine does not wish to run for the presidency in 1888. We are willing to wager seven drachmæ, four oboli and twelve sesterces that he will not run from it. Go to, marry come up, hey-day, alack!

HAYDN WROTE one hundred and twenty-five symphonies: Wagner wrote only one. Yet there are many people who would rather hear all of Haydn's than all of Wagner's at a single sitting. This is n't a joke; it's a fact.



"Ah, I have it!"



The rolling-pin works like a charm —



— And the family's Thanksgiving dinner is one long to be remembered.

## SPORTING NEWS.

Lushington has done good work lately in the right field — across the creek, husking corn.

Sile Sours has been engaged to hold the first bass in the Podunk orchestra, and will keep an eye on the score.

Squiggs, the champion pitcher, has been secured by the Browns, and is doing some good pitching in their boat-yard at Utica.

Wiggles, the renowned short-stop, is doing good work short-stopping a Buffalo street-car.

The three Miles Brothers, of Kansas City, constitute a base-ball league within themselves.

Kickey Dinkle, the genial hotel-clerk, is said to be clean gone on the "diamond," and will see that it keeps at the front.

Blivins's wife makes him stretch the clothes-line every Monday. He says the next time there is a home-stretch, he will go out.

Smithington's last season's record of grass-cutters is remarkable. He has been busy pushing lawn-mowers.

SULLIVAN HAS created a sensation in London; but it is n't a marker to the sensation he will create in Jem Smith when he tackles him.

## FOOT-BALL TAME IN COMPARISON.

BROWN.— Hello, Jones; where are you going?

JONES.— Up to the Polo Grounds to see the foot-ball match. Come along?

BROWN.— No, thanks. Foot-ball's too tame for me.

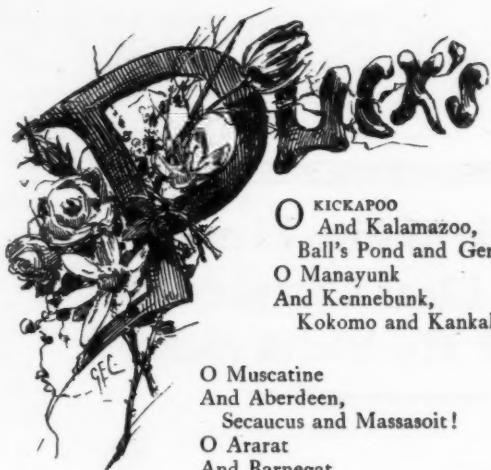
JONES.— Tame? Why, I think it's the most exciting struggle in the world!

BROWN.— Then you've never seen the women at Macy's on bargain-day.

LEAVES HAVE their time to fall, and the little birds depart from their old homes and with sorrowful hearts wend their way to fresh scenes and foliage new. The chill November wind blows across the bare hills and along the brown meadows, where the wild flower blooms no more, and the butterfly's gaudy wing has faded away. The Ice King breathes cutting blasts from the North, and the Winter, with all its misery and desolation for the poor and lowly, is upon us. But the woman at the Henry Irving matinee has tears in her eyes and gumdrops in her mouth at one time, just the same as ever. And the evening and the morning are the 'steenth day.

THE THREATENING ATTITUDE of the Knights of Labor is beautifully illustrated by the dragon in "Siegfried." It has flaming eyes, and a threatening tail, and fearful jaws whence issue hissing clouds of smoke. But, after all, the whole thing is worked by a man up in the flies who holds the wires. His name is not Powderly, however, but Koenigschaftsteinwertershofburg.





## PATENT POEM OF PLACES.

O KICKAPOO  
And Kalamazoo,  
Ball's Pond and Genesee!  
O Manayunk  
And Kennebunk,  
Kokomo and Kankakee!

O Muscatine  
And Aberdeen,  
Secaucus and Massasoit!  
O Ararat  
And Barnegat,  
Rome, Morristown and Detroit!

O Haverstraw,  
Long Branch, Paw Paw,  
Skaneateles, Waterloo!  
O Hornellsville  
And Badger Hill,  
Grand Rapids and Baraboo!

O Agawam  
And Annisquam,  
Altoona, Chickasaw, Boone!  
O Hackensack  
And Fond du lac,  
Minneapolis, Callicoon!

O Santa Fé  
And Oyster Bay,  
Bath, Kissimmee and Penn Yan!  
O Killawog,  
Jerusalem, Quogue,  
Canoochee and Isphahan!

O Minnehaha  
And Ballston Spa,  
Minnewaska and Buffalo!  
Kenosha, Copake  
And Indian Lake,  
Suckasunny and Jericho!

To these towns I stray  
Upon Wed-nes-day,  
And bring to each town good luck.  
If you'd know the rest,  
Where I'm ever a guest,  
See the back of the atlas,

PUCK.  
per R. K. M.

## IN HARD LINES.

HUSBAND (to COMPLAINING WIFE).—What's the trouble, my dear?

WIFE (with a sick headache).—Oh, those children! they make such a dreadful noise that I can scarcely hear myself think. The moment I'm a little under the weather, everything is at sixes-and-sevens. I declare, it is no pleasure for me to be sick any more!

A MAN who does not pretend to be a critic recently discovered what he considered a mistake in a painting. It was a man with six fingers; and he wrote to the painter to inform him of the fact. The painter replied that it was all right; that the man had six fingers because he was a heavy drinker.

## REAL IRISH GENTILITY.

"D'ye moinde, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, a young lad be the name of Pat M'Haffy was stoppin' along wid the Lynches about this time two year ago?"

"An' is it the M'Haffys of Corruk? Sure an' I knew them well in the ould cuntry, an' it's an ilegant family they are. The foinest family in that part of Oirland, Mrs. O'Rafferty. What you might call the rale Oirish gentility. An' that young Pat is the Devil's own son."

WHEN THE TRAIN stops ten minutes for dinner, the man with hasty consumption does n't get left.

WHEN THE menagerie stops at Spottsylvania, the leopard always feels at home.



## STRIKING AN AVERAGE.

NEIDENWEISER.—How you exbecgd to maig a shibbing-glerck, ven dem cars gant holt a pen on?

APPLICANT.—I vos ged a long ubber-lib!



Professor Darwin is not the only one who has been STRUCK by the likeness which many men bear to monkeys. Imitation seems to be the strongest point of similarity, and many men, like their prototype, imitate very readily, while they lack the power to ORIGINATE. ♦ ♦ ♦



UNLIKE THE IMITATIONS, IT HAS NEVER CLAIMED TO CURE ALL HUMAN ILLS, BUT A TEASPOONFUL OF

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*Ginger*  
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CHURCH STREET, who will, on appli-  
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**GUETT'S**  
**CROWN**  
**COLLARS**  
*and*  
*Monarch*  
**SHIRTS**  
**ARE THE BEST.**

STORIES by Ouida, George Sand and Zola were  
recently found in a Sunday-school library in New  
York city. That Sunday-school, it is inferred,  
had a larger and more punctual attendance of  
pupils than any other in the city.—*Exchange.*

An English physician recommends foot-ball  
for girls. He says it is an exhilarating and health-  
ful game, but we are pretty certain that Ameri-  
can girls would kick against it.—*Norristown*  
*Herald.*

# Fair White Hands. Bright Clear Complexion. Soft Healthful Skin.

# Pearl's Soap

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*Most Economical  
Wears to  
Thinness of a Wafer.*

*For the Nursery.  
For the Toilet.  
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316-220 Asylum Street,  
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FIRST CITIZEN.—I see that there is a red flag out just around the corner from your house.

SECOND CITIZEN (alarmed).—What! a red flag?

FIRST CITIZEN.—Yes; a case of small-pox, I hear.

SECOND CITIZEN (relieved).—Oh, small-pox. My wife has just got back from the country and I was afraid it might be an auction!—*The Epoch*.

PATIENT.—I s'pose, doctor, you make out your prescriptions in Latin so that your patients won't know what it is?

DOCTOR.—Possibly.

PATIENT.—And you make out your bills in English so that your patients will know what it is?

DOCTOR.—Exactly.—*Exchange*.



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Narrow (with cap); London (medium width, with cap); or French (wide, without cap). Measure foot with stocking on, using a tape measure or a thin strip of paper, being careful to give fractions of inch. State whether you want them tight or easy, and give size usually worn. Address,

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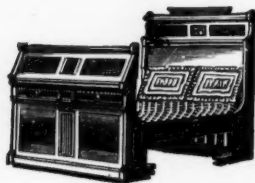
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and all nervous defects of speech thoroughly corrected. "Mr. Aldrich's school is a public benefit of inestimable value."—N. Y. Tribune. For full information, testimonials from former pupils and eminent men, send for circular.

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Offer No. 173.

FREE! — TO MERCHANTS ONLY: An elegant silver-plated Water Pitcher, frosted and richly carved; height, 13 inches. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL &amp; Co., 55 State Street, Chicago.

Nine Gold and First-Class Medals.

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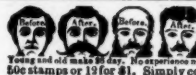
LA ROSA

AND EL TELECRAFO  
KEY WEST HAVANA CIGARS.

For sale by all first-class dealers throughout the United States.

The Brooklyn police have several clues to the sender of the Wechsler infernal machine, but they are holding back with their customary courtesy to give the newspaper reporters a chance.—Syracuse Herald.

If you want to cure a cough, use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the reliable remedy. 25 cts. Salvation Oil is the cheapest and best pain cure on earth. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

We Grow HEAVY MUSTACHE  
Mustache Whiskers and Hair on Bald Heads in 20 to 30 days. Dr. Bull's Head Hair is the ONLY REMEDY. 2 or 3 pipes, do it. We will prove this or pay \$100.00 in cash. Young and old make 25 days. No newspaper needed. We send you 25c in pipe, by mail for 50c stamps or 19 for \$1. Simply cost. Smith Mfg. Co. Palestine, Ill.**CURE for the DEAF**

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Will retail fashionable Furs and

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This will afford a splendid opportunity

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lowest possible prices. Fashion

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**CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.**An Interesting Comparison of  
THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Brauereien and that the Government fosters them. The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here. According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.).	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna.	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich.	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna.	299,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich.	235,950
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna.	170,764

**Total, 1,670,564.**

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

**"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK  
The GREAT ENGLISH DISINFECTANT.

The First Requisite in all Dwellings.

The most POWERFUL and PLEASANT of all PREPARATIONS in use.

Fragrant, Non-poisonous, does not stain Linen.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Fluid, for sprinkling about rooms, disinfecting linen, and general house use.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Powder, a powerful and pleasant preparation for stables, kennels, ashbins, &amp;c.

"SANITAS" Crude Disinfecting Fluid, a concentrated form of "Sanitas," to be diluted with water for flushing drains, &amp;c.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Oil, for fumigating sick rooms, treatment of throat complaints, rheumatism and ringworm.

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THE REGULAR USE OF

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, and Deodorant, is a sure preventive of all contagious and infectious diseases. It is invaluable in the sick room.

"A PEOPLE'S HEALTH IS A NATION'S WEALTH."

"SANITAS" IS NATURE'S DISINFECTANT.

To be had of all Druggists and of the

American & Continental "Sanitas" Co., Ltd.,  
636-642 West 55th street, N. Y. city.**ANGOSTURA****BITTERS.**

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT &amp; SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.  
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the period covered by the official report from which the above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons of beer, equaling

**410,000 Barrels,**

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.





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A POSITIVE CURE  
for every form of  
Skin and Blood  
Disease  
from  
PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

**SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY RELIEVED** by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritus, scall head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail.

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**LIGHT, DURABLE, COMPLETE.**

82 Characters, Upper and Lower Case, Figures, &c.

Will do anything done by other Writers and excel them all in beauty of work and wearing qualities. Send for full description to the

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**A GRAND GIFT** To introduce our wonderful Self-operating Washing Machine, we will GIVE ONE away in every town. Best in the World. No labor or rubbing. SEND FOR ONE to the NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey Street, New York.



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ONLY WHEN THE LIPS DISPLAY PRETTY TEETH.**

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

## SOZODONT.

Which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

One bottle of Sozodont will last six months.

**Blair's Pills.**—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists. 17

**Angostura Bitters**, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

**CATARRH** positively cured by the great German Remedy. Sample pkg. and book for 4cts. instamps. E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn. 460

### CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.

At regular intervals during the Fall and Winter months the Chicago and Northwestern Railway will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and other California points at very low rates for the round trip. Such tickets will be good to return six months from date of sale. For full particulars address E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill. 81

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The Oldest and Best of All  
**STOMACH BITTERS**,  
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mounted Pipes and Bowls made up in newest designs.  
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ARE YOU GOING INTO CONSUMPTION?  
Do You Have Asthma?**



By means of the **PILLOW-INHALER**, sufferers in every part of the land have been cured of the above diseases, and many who were for years afflicted are now strong and well. The **PILLOW-INHALER** is apparently only a pillow, but from liquid medicines that are harmless (tar, carbolic acid, iodine, etc.) it gives off an atmosphere which you breathe all night (or about eight hours), whilst taking ordinary rest in sleep. There are no pipes or tubes, as the medicine is contained in concealed reservoirs, and the healing atmosphere arising from it envelops the head. It is perfectly simple in its workings, and can be used by a child with absolute safety. Medicine for the reservoirs goes with each Inhaler, ready for use. The wonderful and simple power of the **PILLOW-INHALER** is in the long-continued application. You breathe the healing vapor continuously and at a time when ordinarily the cavities of the nose and bronchial tubes become engorged with mucus, and catarrh, throat and lung diseases make greatest progress. From the very first night the passages are clearer and the inflammation is less. The cure is sure and reasonably rapid.

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If your Druggist does not have our Shaving Soaps—do not fear to send to us for samples—We exercise the utmost care in sending by Mail to insure safe transmission. The famous

**Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 15c.**

Standard for Quality in U. S. Navy.

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Very fine—Scented with Attar of Roses.

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A pound package—Six round cakes.

This article a genuine luxury for Toilet and Bath use. Its peculiar delicacy and mildness, specially adapt it for nursery use. It always all roughness of the skin—Heals—Softens and Whitens. All sent to any address—Post-paid—on receipt of price in Stamps or Currency. Registered packages, 10 cents extra.

Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,**  
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**READ the FUNNIEST BOOK yet.** **"SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA"**  
BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE. AGENTS WANTED.

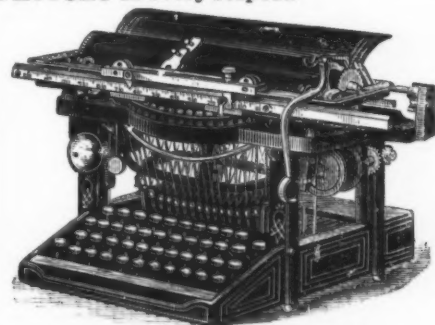
"You are all wrong, Samantha, full dress means low neck and short sleeves," said I. "I know better," said he. "I shall go in full dress, I am bound to be fashionable," and he went to rolling up his shirt sleeves, &c."—Extract from book. "I find in this the same delicious humor that has made her works a joy forever."—Will Car ton. "Full of genuine wit, with a wholesome moral flavor."—Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D.D. "A comedy and a brilliant."—Hon. S. S. Cox, M.C. "It is an evangel of the keenest wit, and drollest sarcasm on the follies of fashion."—Luth. Observer. "An exceedingly amusing book."—Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. "There are parts so excruciatingly funny we have had to sit back and laugh till the tears came."—Weekly Witness. "Unquestionably her best."—Detroit Free Press.

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### CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that leathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

We give to every purchaser the privilege of **RETURNING THE MACHINE** within thirty days if not **ABSOLUTELY SATISFACTORY** in every respect.



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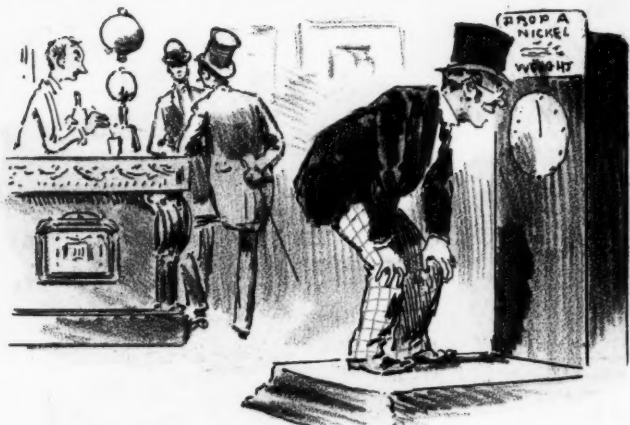
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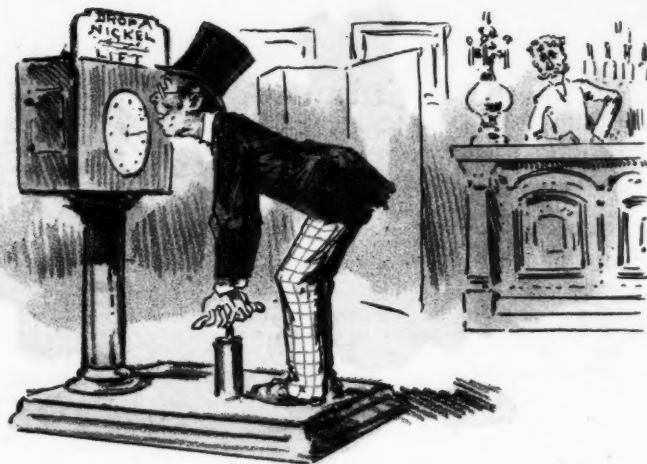
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771 Broadway, Corner Ninth Street.

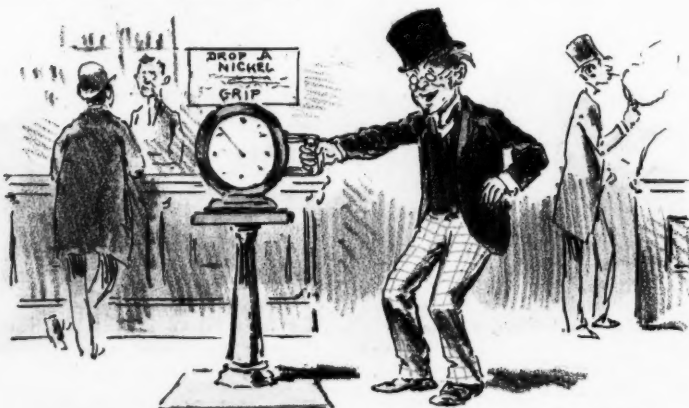
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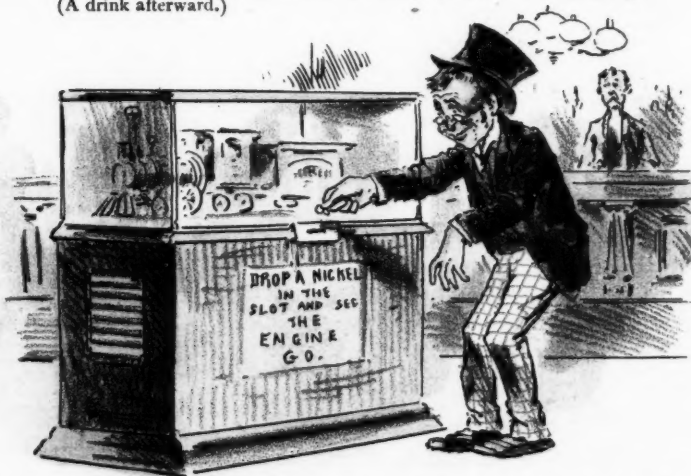
FIRST BAR-ROOM.—He ascertains his weight. "Most interesting!"  
(A drink at the bar, afterward.)



SECOND BAR-ROOM.—Tests his lifting powers. "Astonishing!"  
(A drink afterward.)



THIRD BAR-ROOM.—Tries the strength of his grip. "Wonderful!"  
(A drink afterward, of course.)



FOURTH BAR-ROOM.—Sets the engine going. "Marvelous!"  
(Two drinks afterward.)



FIFTH BAR-ROOM.—Prepares to test his striking powers.  
"Theshe machinsh are shimplly 'mensh!"



Makes a slight mistake in his aim, but fully demonstrates the force of his blow: "Theshe m'sheensh are the crown-ing (hic) triumph o' shiensh! Whoop!"



Next morning. JUDGE.  
—Just drop a ten-dollar bill in that box there, and the machinery of Justice will discharge you!

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The Tale of a Man who Investigated the "Drop-a-Nickel" Machines in the Broadway Bar-rooms.